

Here foloweth the interpretacyon of the names
of goddys/ and goddesles: as it is reherced in thys
treatyle folowynge as poetes wyte.

Phebus is as moche to say as the sonne.

Apollo is the same or ellis god of sight.

Morpheus

Shewer of dremys

Pluto.

Godde of helle.

Mynos

Juge of helle.

Cerberus

Porter of helle

Colus the wynde or god of the ayre

Diana goddesse of wode and chace.

Phebe the mone or goddesse of waters.

Aurore goddesse of the mornynge or of the sprynge
of the day.

Mars.

God of batayle.

Jupiter

God of wysdome.

Juno

goddesse of richesse

Saturne

Ceres

Cupido

Ethe

Venus
Disorde
Attropos.

Goddess of love.
Goddess of debate and stryfe
Death.

¶ Here endeth the Interpretacion of the
names of goddys and goddesses as is re-
herced in the treatyse folowynge as poe-
tis wryte.

Whan Phobus in the Crabbe had
nere his cours ronne.
And towarde the lyon hys iour-
ney gan take.
To loke on Pythagoras spere I
had begonne.

Sittinge all solitary alone beside a lake
Musinge on a manere howe I myght make
Reason and iensualite in one to accorde.
But I coude nat bringe aboute that manyorde

For longe or I myght slepe gan me oppresse
So pnderously I coude make none obstacle
In my hede was fall suche an heuy nesse
I was fayne to drawe to myn habitacle
To rowne with a pillowe me seemed best triacle
So layde I me downe my disease to relcure
A none cam in Morpheus and toke me by the sleue

And as I so lay halfe in a traunce
Twene sleepinge and wakinge he bad me aryse
For he saide I must gyue attendaunce
To the great court of mynos the Justice.
He nought auayled ageyne hym to sologysse
For it is oft saide by them that yet lyues.
He must nedys go that the deuyll dryues

Whan I se no better but I must go
I saide I was redy at his comaundement
Wheder that he wold lede me to or fro.

So vp I rose and forth wyth hym wente
Tyl he had me brought to the parlyament
Where Pluto sat and kepte his estate
And wyth hym Mynos the Iuge desperate

But as we thederwarde went by the way
I hym besought his name me to tell
Morpleus he sayde thou me call may
A syr sayde I than wher do ye dwell
In heuen or erthe eyther ellys in hell
Ray he sayde myn abydyng moste comonly
Is in a lytell corner called Fantasy

But as sone as he these wordys had sayde
Cerberus the porter of hell wyth his cheyne
Brought theder Colus in ragges cuyll arayde
Ageyne whome neptunus & diana dyd cōpleyne
Saynge thus O Mynos thou Iuge souereyne
Gyue thy cruel Iugement ageyne this traitour so
That we may haue cause to preise thy lord Pluto

Than was there made a proclamacyon
In plutoos name commaunded scylence
Upon the payne of streyte correccyon
That diaua & neptunus myght haue audyence
To declare the gryef of the great offence
To them done by Colus wheron they cōpleyned
And to begynne Dyana was constreyned

Whiche thus began as ye shall here

Saynge in this wyse: o thou lord Pluto.
With thy Judge Mynos sittinge with the in fere
Execute your fury vpon Colus so.
Acorrdinge to the offence that he to me hathe do
That I haue no cause ferther to apell
Whiche if I do shall nat be for your wele.

Remembze first howe I goddesse pure
ouer all desertes forestis and chaces
Haue take the guydinge and vnder my cure
This traytour Colus hathe many of my places
Destroied with his blastis and daily me manaces
Where any wode is he shall make it playne.
If he to his liberte may resoꝛte agayne.

The grettest trees that any man may fynde
In forest to shade the dere for their comfoꝛte
He byꝛketh the asonder oꝛ rende them rote & rynde
Oute of the erthe this is his dispoꝛte.
So that the dere shall haue no resoꝛte
Within shoꝛte tyme to no maner shade
Wherthroughe the game is likely for to fade

Which to my name apꝛoche singuler
Shulde be for euer whyle the worlde last
And to all the goddys an hyghe displese
To see the game destroyed by his blast.
Wherfoꝛe a remedy puruey in hast
And late hym be punysshed after his offence
Considꝛe the cryme and gyue your sentence

And whan thus Dyana had made hir compleynt
To Hynos the iuge in Plutos presence
Cam furth Neptunus with bylage pale & feynte
Desiringe of fauour to haue audience.
Saynge thus Pluto to thy magnificence
I shall reherce what this creature
Colus hath done me oute of mesure.

Thou knowest well that I haue the charge
Ouer all the see and therof god I am
No ship may sayle keruell bote noz barge.
Greate karake noz hulke with any lyuyng man
But he haue my sauseconduyte than.
Who so offendeth within my iurisdiction.
Oweth to submytte hym to my correccion.

But in so moche as it is now so
That ye hym here haue as youre prysone
I shall you shewe my compieynt lo.
Wherfore I pray you that ye wol it here.
And late hym nat escape oute of your daungere
Tyll ye haue made full secth and recompence.
For hurte of my name through this greate offence

First to begynne this Colus hath ofte
Made me to retourne my cours ageyne nature
With his greate blastis whan he hath ben alofte
And charged me to laboure fetre oute of mesure.
That it was gret maruyle how y might endure
The scome of my secte wyll it testify

That on the see bankes lieth beten full hye.

Secondly where my nature is
Both to ebbe and flowe and so my cours to kepe,
Oft of myn entente hath he made me myse.
Where as I shulde haue fylled dykes depe
At a full water I myght nat theder crepe
Befoze my season came to retourne ageyne.
And than went I faster than I wolde cerceyne

Thus he hath me dryuen ageyne myn entent
And contrary to my cours naturall.
Where I shulde haue be he made me be absent.
To my greate dishonour and in especiall.
One tynge he vsed that was worst of all
For where as I my sauegarde graunted
Euer in that coit he commonly haunted.

Of very pure malice and of selfwyll
Them to destroy in despyte of me.
To whome I promysed both in goode & yll
To be their protectour in all aduersyte
That to them shulde fall vpon the see.
And euen sodeynly or they coude be ware.
With a sodeyne pyze he lapped theym in care.

And full oft tymes with his boystous blast
Er they myght be ware he draue them on the sãde
And oderwhyle he brake topsayle and mast
Which caused them to perishe or they came to lãde

Than cursed they the tyme that euer they me fāde
Thus amonge the tyme lost is my name.
And so by his labour put I am to shame.

Consider this mater and poulder my cause.
Tendre my compleynt as rigoure requireth.
She we forth your sentence with a bzeif clause.
I may nat longe tary the tyme fast expirethe
The offence is greate wherfoze it desirethe
The more greuous pcyne and hasty iugement.
For offence done wilfully woll none ayplement

And whā the god pluto a while had hi bethought
He rowned w' Adynos to know what was to do
Than he saide openly lōke thou sayle nought
Thy sentence to gyue withoute fauoure so.
Like as thou hast herde the causes meued the to.
And so euently dele t'wene these partyes t'weyne
That nō of thez haue cause on that other cōpleyne

Thanne sayde mynos full indifferently
To dyana & neptunus is there any more?
That ye woll declare agcyne hym openly
Nay in dede they saide we kepe none in stōze.
We haue sayde ynough to punyshe hym fore
If ye in this mater be nat parcial.
Remembze your name was wonte to be egall.

Well than saide mynos nowete vs here
What this boytous colus for hym selfe can say.

For here prima facie to vs doth appere
That he hath offended no man can say nay
Wherefore thou To us wythout more delay
Shape vs an answer to thyne accusement
And ellis I must procede vpon thy Iugement

And euen as Colus was on warde to haue sayde.
For his excuse/ came in a messenger
From god Apollo to Pluto and hym prayde
On hys behalfe that he wythout daungere
Wolde to hym come and brynge wyth hym i fere
Dyana and Neptunus vnto hys banket
And if they dysdeined hymselfe he wold them fet

Moreover he sayde to the god Apollo
Desired to haue respite of the Iugemente
Of Colus both of mynos and pluto.
So dyana and neptunus were ther with contente
And if they were disposed to assente
That he myght come vnto his presence
He it desired to knowe his defence.

What say ye therto sayde pluto to them twayne
Woll ye bothe assent that it shalbe thus
ye saide the goddesse for my parte certeyne.
And I also saide this neptunus
I am well pleased quod this Colus
And whan they had a whyle thus togeder spoke
Pluto commaunded the courtte to be broke.

And than togeder went they in fere,
Pluto and neptunus ledinge the goddesse
Whome folowed Cerberus with his prisonere
And at the last with the grete heuynesse
Came I and Morpleus to the forteresse
Of the god apollo vnto his banket
Were many goddys and goddeslys met

Whan apollo see that they were come
He was right glad and prayde them to sytt
Ray saide Dyana this is all and some
ye shall me pardon I shall nat syt yet
I shall first knowe why Colus abytt:
And what execution shall on hym be do.
For his offence wel saide Apollo.

Madame ye shall haue all your pleafere!
Syth that it woll none other wyse be
But first I you pray late me the matere here
Why he is brought in this perplexyte
Well saide Pluto that shall ye sone see
And gan to declare cun by and by
Both their complayntes ordynatly.

And whan apollo herde the reporte
Of Pluto in maner synylinge he saide.
I se wele Colus thou hast a finale comfozte
Thy selfe to excus: thou mayst be disynayde
To here so grete complayntes ageync the layde
That nat withstandinge if thou can say oughte

For thyn owne wele say and tary nought

For sothe saide Colus if I had respyte
Hir to answere coude! I counterfete
But to haue hir grace moze is my delyte
Wherfore I pray you all for me entrete
That I may by your request hir goode grace gete
And what payne or greet ye for me prouyde
Withoute any grutchinge I shal it abyde.

Loo gode madame saide god apollo.
What may he do more but sue to y^eur grace.
Beholde howe the tearys from his y^en go.
It is satisfaction halfe for his trespasse.
Howe gracious goddesse she be your pitous face
To this poze prysoner at my request.
Alwey for your honour thinke thus is best.

And if it lyke you to do in this wyse
And to forgyue hym clerly his offence
One thinge surly I wyll you promyse
If he oft rebelle and make resistance
Or disobey vnto your sentence.
For eury tre that he maketh fall
Dute of the erthe an hūdred arise shall

So that y^r ur game shall nat discreace.
For lacke of shade I dare vndertake.
Well sir apollo saide she than woll I ceas
Of all my rancour and mercy with you make.

And than god Neptunus of his mater spake
Saynge thus apollo thoughe dyana hym relcace
yet shall he sue to me to haue his peace

A sayde apollo ye wende I had forgete.
you for my lady dyana the goddesse
Nay thinke nat so for I woll you entrete
As well as hir withoute longe processe.
Woll ye agre that phcebus your maystreffe.
May haue the guydinge of your variaunce
I shall abyde quod he hir ordynaunce.

¶ Nota.

Well than quod apollo I pray you goddys all
And goddesles eke that be here present
That ye compenably wyll abyde fall
Nay than saide Othea it is nat conuenient
A due order in euery place is expedyente.
To be had wherfore ye may nat let
To be your owne marshall at your owne banquet

And whan apollo se it wolde none other be.
He called to hym auroza the goddesse
And saide though ye wepe yet shall ye before me.
By kepe yur cours and put your selfe in presse
So he hir sette first at his owne messe.
With hir moyst clothes with terys all bysprent
The medowes in may she be therof hir cōpleynt

Next hir fate mars myghty god and stronge
With a flamme of fyre enuyroned all aboute

Fortune the goddesse with hir party face
Was vnto pluto nexte in order set
Claryaunt she was ay in shorte space
Hir whele was redy to tourne withoute let
Hir gowne was of gaudy grene chainlet
Chaungcable of sondry dyuerse coulours
To the condicions acordynge of hir shoures

And by hir sat though he on worthy were
The rude god pan of shepardis the guyde
Clad in rollet frese and brechyd lyke a bere
With a great tarre bore hangynge by his syde
A shepceoke in his hande he spared for no pryde
And at his fete lay a pykeryd curre
He ratyllled in the throte as he had the murre

Clys the goddesse bare hym in company
For at the table nexte she sat by his syde
In a close kyrtyll cimbrowdered curyously
With braunches and leuys brode large and wyde
Greene as any gresse in the somertyde
Of all maner frute she had the gouernaunce
Of sauours odoziferous was hir sustynaunce

Nexte hir than was god neptunus set
He sauoured lyke a fysher of hym I spake before
It semyd by his clothes as they had be wet
About him in his girdelstede hynge fyshes many
Of his straunge aray merueyled I sore a score
A shyp with a top and sayle was his cresse
He thoughte he was gayly dysgyled at that fesse

Than take mynerue the goddesse hir sete
Joyntly to neptunus all in curas clad
Gauntlettis on hir handes & sabatois on hir fete
She loked euer aboute as though she had be mad
An hamer and a syth on hir hede she had
She ware two bokelers one by hir syde
That other ye wote where this was all hir pryde

Than cam the god bachus & by hir set him down
Holdinge in his hande a cuppe full of wyne
Of grene vyne leuys he ware a Joly crown.
He was clad in clusturs of grapes gode and fyne
A garlonde of yuy he chase for his syne
On his hede he had a thredbare kendall hode
A gyinlot and a faucet therupon stode

¶ Next hym late phebus with hir colour pale
Fat she was of face but of compleccion feynt
She saide she ruled neptun^e & made him to auale
& onys inthe month with phebus was she meynt
Also ne were the Ceres were areynt
Thus she late & tolde the myght of hir nature
On hir hede she ware a crowne of syluer pure

Joyntly to hir Marcurys toke his see
As came to his cours as witneseth the zodiake
He had a gilden tonge as fell for his degre
In eloquence of langage he passed all the packe
For in his talkinge no man coude fynde no lacke,
A box with quicke syluer he had in his hande
Multipliers knowe it well in euery lande

By hym late dame Uen⁹ with colour cristallyne.
Whose longe here shone as wyre of golde bright
Cryspe was hir skyne hir iyen colombyne:
She sauyshed myn herte hir chere was so light
Patronesse of plesaunce be named well she myght
A smocke was hir wede garnysshed curiously
But aboue all oder she had a wanton iye

On hir hede she ware a rede copet crovne
A nosegay she had made full plesauntly.
Actuene hir & auroza apollo set hym do vne
With his beynys bright he shone so frequently
That he therewith gladded all the company
A crovne of pure golde was on his hede sette
In signe that he was master & lord of that banket

¶ Nota.

Thus was the table set rounde aboute
With goddis & goddellis as I haue you tolde
Awaitinge on the borde was a greate route
Of sage philosophers and poetes many folde
There was sad Sychero and aristotyll olde
Thelome Dozothe with dyogenes
Plato Melscala and wyse Socrates.
Sortes & saphyrus with hermes stode behinde
Auyten and yucroys with them were in fere
Galven & Ipocras that phisike haue in mynde
With helpe of Esculapion toward them drew nere
Virgyll Orace Ouyd and Omere
Eucljde and alberte gaue their attendaunce
To do the goddis and goddellis plesaunce

Where berdyd orpheus was there with hys harpe
And as a porte musycall made he melody.
Other mistrell had they non saue pangen to carpe
Of his leude bagpipe whiche caused the company
To laugh/ yet many mo there were if I shuld nat
Some yonge some olde both better & wers lye.
But mo of their names can I nat reherce

Of all maner of deyntees there was habundaunce
Of meates and drinckes foyson plentuous.
In came disorde to haue made variaunce
But there was no roime to set hir in that hous
The goddys remembred the scysine odious
Amonge the thre goddeslis that she had wrought
At the fest of Peleus wherfore they thought

They wolde nat with hir dele in auenture.
Lest she them brought to some inconueniente
She seynge this was wrothe oute of mesure
And in that greate wrath out of the paleys went
Saynge to hir selfe that chere shuld they repent
And anon with attropos hapned she to mete
As he had ben a goost came in a wyndinge shete

She toke hym by the hand and rebownd in his ere
And tolde hym of the banket that was so delicate
How she was receyued & what chere she had thet
And howe euery god late in their estate
Is it thus qd attropos what in the deuylles date.
Well he saide I see wcle howe the game gothe
Onys yet for your sake shall I make them wroth

And whan she had hym all togeder tolde
From hir he departed and of hir toke his leue
Saynge that for hir sake his way take he wolde
In to the paleys his maters to meue
And o2 he thens went he troved them to greue
With suche tidinges as he shuldc them telle
So furth in he went and spake wordes felle.

Whan he came in the presence of the goddys all
As he had ben wode he loked hym aboute
His shete from his body dowe he letc fall
And on a rude maner he saluted all the route
With a bolde voyce carpinge wordes stoute
But he spake all holowe as it had ben one
Had spoke in another world that had wo begone.

THe stode furth with bolde countenaunce
Saynge on this wise as ye shall here
All ye grete goddys gyue attendaunce
Unto my wordes withoute all daungere
Remembze howe ye made me your officere
All tho with my darte fynally to chastise
That you disobeyed o2 wolde your lawe dyspyse.

And for the moze suerte ye sealed my patent
Gyuyng me full power so to occupye
Wherto I haue employed myn entente
And that can dame nature well testifye
If she be craynyed she woll it nat denye
For whan she forsaketh any creature
I am ay redy to take hym to my cure.

Thus haue I dully with all my diligence
Executed the office of olde antyquyte
To me by you graūted by your comon sentence
For I spared none hygh nor lowe degree
So that on my parte no defaute hathe be
For as sone as any to me cōmytted was
I smote hym to the herte he had none other grace

Ectoꝝ of Troy for all his chyualry.
Alexandꝛ the greate and myghty conquerour.
Iulys cesar with all his company
Dauid nor Iosue nor worthy arthoure
Charles the noble that was so greate of honour
Nor Judas Machabee for all his true herte
Nor Godfray of bylion coude me nat astarte
Nabugodonoꝝ for all his greate pryde
Nor the kinge of Egypte cruel Pharao
Jason ne hercules went they neuer so wyde
Cosdras hanyball nor gentyll Soppyo.
Cyꝛus achylles nor many other mo.
For fayre nor foule gate of me no grace
But all at the last I sealed hym with my mace

Thus haue I brought euery creature
To an ende both man fishe foule and best
And in euery other thyng e i whome dame nature
Hath any iurisdiction cyther most or lest.
Except only one in whome your behest
Is to me broke for ye me promysed.
That my myght of none shulde haue be despyed

Wherof the contrary dare I well auow
Is true for one there is that woll nat aplye
Unto my correccion nor in no wyse bowe
To the dynte of my darte for dole ne destany
What comfort he hath ne the cause why
That he so rebelleth I can nat thinke of right
But if ye haue hi graunted your alders saufcōdyte

And if ye so haue than do ye nat as goddis
For a goddis wrytinge may nat reuerfed be.
If it shulde I wolde nat gyue two pescoddis
For graunt of your patent of office nor of fee
Wherfore in this mater do me equyte.

Accoꝝdinge to my patent/ for tyll this be do.
ye haue no moꝝe my seruyce nor my gode wyll lo
¶ And whan all the goddis had atropos herde
As they had be wode they bzayed vp at ones
and saide they wolde nat rest tyll he were cōquered
Taken & destroyed body blode and bones
And that they swaꝝe greate othes for the nones
Their lawe to despise that were so malaperte
They saide he shuld be taught for to be so perte

Well saide apollo if he on erthe be
With my bzennynge chare I shall hym confounde
In feyth qd neptunus and he kepe the sec
He may be sure he shall sone be droꝝnde
A syr saide Mars this haue we well founde
That any disobeyed oure godly pꝛcepte
We may well thinke we haue to longe slepte,

But neuerthelesse where I may hym fynde
With thūder & lightnyng aboute I shal him chace
And I loqd Saturne before and behynde.
With my bitter colde shal shewe hym harde grace
Well saide Mercuri⁹ if I may see his face
For euer of his speche I shall hym depzyue
So that hym were better be dede than alpyue

ye qd Othca yet may he well be
In the ayre where he woll and aske you no leue
Wherfore my counsell is that all we
May entreate neptunus his rancour to forgyue
And than I doute nat Colus woll hym myscheue
So may ye be sure he shall you nat escape
And ellis of all your angre wil he make but a iape

CFor to tell you howe Colus was brought
In daungere of Pluto yet had I forgete
Wherfore on this matter further woll I nought
Proccde till I therof haue knowlege you lete
It fell on a day the weder was wete
And Colus thought he wolde on his dispozte
Go to reioys his spirites and comforte

He thought he wolde se what was in the grounde
And in krauers furth he gan hym dresse
A drought had the erthe late before founde
That caused it to chynne and crany moze and lesse
Sodeynly by wete constreyned by duresse
Was the grounde to close his superficiall face.
So streyte that to scape Co'us had no space

This scynge Colus he styll within abode
Seking where he myght go oute ferre or nere
Anone he was espyed and one to pluto rode
And tolde hym howe Colus was in his daungere
Than saide he to Cerberus fet me that prysoner.
Tyll I haue hym sene late hym nat go at large
As thou wilt answere for hym I gyue the charge

Thus was this Colus take prysoner.
Than happed it so that the same day
Pluto had prefixed for a grete matere
Mynos to sytte in his robe of ray
Wherfore Cerberus toke the next way
And led hym to the place where the court shuld be
Whedir as I tolde you Morpleus brought me

So theder came Dyana caryed in a carre
To make hir compleynt as I tolde you all.
And so dyd neptun⁹ that doth both make & marre
Walo wynges w^h his walwes & toblinge like a ball
Ther maters they meued fall what may befall
There was the first sight that euer I theym sawe
And if I neuer do este I retche nat of a strawe.

But nowe to my mater to retourne ageynes
And to begynne newe where I left
Whan all the goddys had done their besy payne
The wey to contrye howe they shulde be rest
Of his lyfe that attropos had no cause eft.
To compleyne than phebus sterte vpon hir fete
And saide I praye you late me speke a worde yete

Othea meneth well to say on this wyse
But all to entreat neptun? I hope shall nat nede.
He scineth I alone durst take that enterpryse.
Or I am begyled or ellys I shall spede
Howe say ye neptunus shall I do this dede
Woll ye your rancour seale at my request
Madame qd he rule me as ye thinke best

Gramarcy saide she of your goode wyll
That it pleaseh you to shewe me that fauoure
Wherfore the goddys high pleasure to fulfyll
Perfourme my desire and leue all olde rancoure
For our alders wele a sauynge of oure honoure
Ageyne this Colus that ye longe haue had.
It is done qd he/ forsothe than am I glad
C Sayde he nowc than Colus be thou to vs true
Kepe well the ayre and oure greate rebelle
May we than sone cuer to vs subduc
yes and that qd colus shall ye here tell
Nowhere in thayre shall he rest ne dwell
If he do therof put me in the faute
With my bitter blastis shall I hym assaute.

What saide the god pluto what is his name.
That thus presumeth ageync vs to rebell
Uertue qd attropos that haue he mokyll shame
He is neuer confounded thus of hym here I tell
A saide this pluto in dede I knowehym well
He hathe ben curt myn vtter ennemy
Wherfore ageyne hym this mater take wyll I.

For all the batayles that ye for hym haue layde
Withoute myn helpe be nat worth a pere
For though ye all the contrary had saide
yet wolde he brede right nyghe your althys ere
No maner of thinge can hym hurte o2 dere,
Saue only onc a son of myn bastarde
Whose name is byce he kepeth myn batwarde

Wherfore thou Cerberus now I the disc harge
Of Colus and woll that thou hyder fet
My dere son byce and say that I hym charge
That he to me come withoute any let
Armed in all poyntes for a day is sette
That he with vertue for all the goddis sake
In oure defence must on hym batayle take
Furth than went cerberus with his firy cheyne
And brought theder byce as he commaunded was.
Ageyne noble vertue that batayle to dereyne
On a gladinge serpente ridinge a great pas
fourned lyke a dragon scaled harde as glas
Whose mouth flamed fyre witpoute fayle
Wpnges had it serpentyne and a longe tayle

Armed was byce all in euer boyle
Harde as any horne blacker fer than sote
An vngodely sorte folowed hym parde
Of vnhappy capteynes of myschief crop and rote.
Byde was the first that rode next hym god wote
On a rorynge lyon, next tohoinc came enuye
Sittinge on a wolfe he had a scornfull iye,

3
Wrathe bestrode a wilde boze & next hym gan ride
In his hande he bare a bloody naked swerde
Next whome came couetise that goth so fer & wide
Ridinge on an olifaunte as he had ben aferde
After whome rode gloteny with his fatte berde
Sittinge on a bere with his greate bely
And next hym on a gote folowed lechery

Slouth was so slepy he cam all behynde.
On a dull alle a full wery pace.
These were the capteynes that vyce coude fynde:
Best to sette his felde and folowe his chace
As for pety capteynes many mo there was.
As sacrilege synony and dissimulation
Manslaughter murdre thefte and extorcion
Arrogaunce presumption with contumacy.
Contempcion contempt and inobedience
Malice frowardnesse and greate Felacy
Wodenesse hate stryfe and Impacience.
Unkindnesse oppression with woofull necligence
Murmure myscheyf falshode and detraction
Usury pariury lye and adulation.

Wronge rauyne sturdy violence
False iugement with obstynacy
Disceyte drunkenesse and improuydence
Boldnesse in cypell with foule and rybaudry.
Fornycacion incest and auoutry
Unshamefastnesse with prodygalitye.
Blasphemy baynglozy and worldly banyte.

Ignoraunce diffidence With Hypocrasy
Scysine rancoure debate and offence.
Herely errour With ydolatry
Newe fangilnesse and subtyll false pretence
Inordynate desire of worldly excellence
Feyned pouerte with apostasy
Disclaundred scozne and vnkinde Ielousy.

Hordome baudry false mayntenaunce
Treason abusion and pety brybry
Usurpacion With horrible vengeaunce
Came all the last of that company
All these pety capiteynes folowed by and by
She wynged them silse in the paleys wyde
And saide they were redy that batayle to abyde

Tydlynesse set the commons in araye
Without the paleys on a fayre felde
But there was an oste for to make afray
I trowe suche another neuer man behelde.
Many was the wepen amōge thē that they weld
What people they were that came to that dysporte
I shall you declare of many a sondry sort

There were bosters braggers and brybours
Baters falsers stretchers and wythers
Shamefull shaklers soleyne shaueldores
Oppressers of people and crackers.
Mayntenours of quarrels horrible lyers
Theues traytours With false heritikes
Charmers sorcerers and many scysinatikes

**Prey symonyakes with false vsurers
Multyplers coyn washers and clyppers
Wronge vsurpers with extorcyoners
Bakbyters glosers and fayre flaterers
Malicious murmures with greate claterers
Tregetours tryphelers feyners of tales
Lastyuons lurdeynes and pykers of males**

**Robbers bacabundes forgers of lesinges
Robbers reuers rauenous ryfclers
Choppers of churches finders of tidinges
Harrers of maters and mony makers
Stalkers by night with cuesedroppers
Frighters braulars brekers of loucdayes
Jettors chiders causers of frayes.**

**C Tytyuilles tyrauntes with turmentours
Cursed apostatys religious distynualers.
Closshers carders with comon hasardours.
Tyborne coloppis and purse cutters
Pyloxy knightes double tollinge myllers
Gay Joly tapsters with hostellers of the stewys
Hores and baudes that many bale brewys**

**Bolde blasphemers with false ypocrytes
Brothellers brokers abhoinynable swerers
Dryuilles dastardes despisers of rightes
Homycides poysoners and comon murderers
Skolders caytyues comberous clappers
Idolatours enchauntours with false renegates
Subtyll ambidexters and sekers of debates**

Pseudo prophetes false sodomites
Quelmers of children with fornicatours
Wete woldes that suffre synne in their sightes
Auouterers and abhomyuable auauntours
Of synne/great clappers & makers of clamours
Unthiftes and vnlustes came also to that game
W^h luskcs & loselles y^e might nat thynge for shame

These were the couons came theder that day
Redy boone in batayle vertue to abyde.
Apollo them beholdinge began for to say
To the goddis & goddesis beyng there that tyde,
He semeth conuenient an heraude to ryde
To vertue & bid hym to batayle make hym boue,
Hym selfe to defende forsothe it shalbe sone

And late hym nat be sodenly take
All dispurueyed or that he be ware.
For than shulde our dishonoure awake
If he were cowardly take in a snare.
Ye quod vice for that haue I no care
I woll auauntage take where I may
That heringe Morpheus preyly stale away

And went to warne vertue of this astray
And bad hym awake & make hym selfe stronge
For he was like to endure that day
A greete mortall shoure or it were euen songe
With vice wherfore he bad hym nat longe
Cary to sende after more socour
If he dyd it shulde turne hym to doloure,

And breuely the mater to hym he declared
Lyke as ye haue herde begynnynge and ende
Weil quod vertue he shall nat be spared
To the felde I wyl wende howe it wende
But gramercy morpleus myn oþone dere frende
Of youre true herte and fcythfull entente
That ye in thys mater to me warde haue mente

This done morpleus departed a way
Fro vertue to the palayse retournynge agayne
None hym espyed that I dare well say
In whych tyme vertue dyd his besy payne
People to reyse his quarrel to maytayne
Imagynacyon was his meslangere
He went to warne people both farre and nere
¶ And bad them come in all the hast they myght
For to strength vertue for wythout fayle
He sayde he shulde haue longe or it were nyghte
With vyce to do a myghty stronge batayle
Of vngacious gastys he byngeth a longe taylor
Wherfore it behoueth to helpe at this nede
And after this shal vertue rewarde youre mede

Whan Imagynacyon had gone his circuyte
To vertues frendes thus al aboute
Within shorte tyme many men of myghte
Gadred to vertue in all that they moute
They hym comfortyd and bad hym put no doute
His bitter enemy vyce to ouerthrowe
Thugh he with hi brought neuer so grete a rowe

Alas that euer ye shulde lese thus your honour
And therwith also the highe perpetuel crowne.
Which is for you kepte in the celestial tour.
Wherfore be ye called cristis champion
Howe is it that ye haue no compassion.
Of baptyne & feyth hope cūnyng and vnyte.
That stonde so harde bestade & feight as ye may see

All the tresour erthely vnder the firmament.
That euer was made of goddis creacion.
To rewarde them euenly were nat equyvalent.
For their noble laboure in this affliction
Wherfore take vpon you your iurisdiction
Rescue yonder knightes and recontynue fight
And ellis a dieu your crowne for all your myghte
C With these & suche wordes as I haue you tolde.
By gode perseueraunce vttered in this wyse.
Wert he hym remembred and gan to were bolde.
& saide yonder true knightes to rescue I auyse
Late vs nat longe tary from this enterpryse
Ageyne to the felde so vertue returned
That caused the be mery y^e long afore had moyned

Auaunt baner quod he in the name of iclu
And with that his people set vp a greate shoute
And cryed with loude voyce a vertuc a vertu.
Than began byccs ost for to loke aboute
But I tro we perseueraunce was nat longe without
He bathed his swarde in his foos blode
The boldest of theym all nat enys hym withstode

Constaunce hym folowed & brought hym his spere
But whan perscueraunce sawe vyce on his stede
No man coude hym let tyll he came there
For to byd hym ryde I trowe it was no nede
All vertues ost prayed for his gode spede
Ageyne vyce he rode with his grete chafte
And hym ouerthrewe for all his subtyll craft

That feynge frewyll came to conscience
And gan hym to repent that he w^t hym had be
Praynge hym of counseyl for his grete offence
That he ageyne vertue had made his arnie
What was best to do to humylite
Ov^r conscience must thou go so he hym theder sente
Disgyssed that he were nat knowen as he wente

And whan he theder came humylite hym toke
A token and bad hym go to confession
And shewe hym his mater with pitous loke
Whiche done he hym sent to contricion
And fro thensforth to satisfaccion
Thus fro post to peler was he made to daunce,
And at the last he went furth to penaunce

But now for to tell you whā vice was ouerthrow
A great part of his ost aboute hym gan resort
But he was so feble that he coude no man knowe
And whan they se that they knewe no comfort
But caryed hym away by a prey poynt
And as they hym caried dispayre wyth hym met
With vyces rewarde he came them for to fet

Then came there downe goodly ladies thre
From the hye heuen aboue the firmament.
And saide the greates Alpha & oo moost souereyne
For that noble tryumphe had them theder sent
One of them to dryue vice to greates turlente
With a fyre bzonde that she bare in hir hande
And so he dyd dispeire and all his hole bande

The name of this lady was called prestience
She neuer left vice ne none that wolde hi folow
Tyll they were comytted by the dryue sentence
All to peyne perpetuell and infynyte sorow
Right wisnes went to se y^e no mā shuld the borew
Thus al entreted sharpely were they tyl cerberus
Had them belhut within his gates tenebrous
¶ & all the whyle that prestience with hir scourge
To rewarde vice gan hir thus occupye smert
With all his hole bande after their deserte
That oder glozio^s lady that cam fro heuen on hye
Hauynge in hir hande the palme of victorie
Came downe to vertue and toke hym that p^rsente
Saynge thus that alpha & oo hathe hym sent

And as fer as I of right coude vnderstande
That ladies name was predestynacion
Vertue and his oost she blessed with hir hande
And in heuen graunted them habitation
Where to ech of them reserued was a crowne
She saide in token that they inheritours
Of the glozy were and gracious conquerours

Which done the ladyes ageyne togeder met:
And towarde heuen vp they gan to stye
Embraced in armes as they had be knet
Togeder with a girdell but so sodenlye
As they were vanysshed saue I neuer thinge w^t
And anone vertue with all hes cōpanye iye
Kneled do wne & thanked god of that victoꝝy

yet had I foꝝgete whan vice was ouerthro we
To haue tolde you howe many of vices ost
Gan to seke peas and darked do wne full lo we
And besought mercy what so euer it cost.
To be ther mene to vtue oꝝ ellis they were but lost
And some in lyke wyse to feith and hope sought
What to do foꝝ peas they saide they ne rought
Some also to baptyme shewd to be ther mene
Some to one some to oðer as they thē gete myght
But all to confession went to make them clene
And as they cam to conscience he bad thē go light
Oꝝ that olde attropos of them had a sight
Foꝝ if he so them toke lost they were foꝝ euer
He saide vice to foꝝsake is better late than neuer

Some eke foꝝ socoure dre we to circūcision
But by hym coude they gete but smale fauoure
Foꝝ he in that cōpany was had but in derision
Neuerthelesse to feyth he bad them go labour.
Praynge hym foꝝ olde acquayntaūce them socour
Well qd feithe foꝝ his sake I shall do y^e I may do.
But first foꝝ the best way baptyme go ye to.

For by hym sonest shall ye recouer grace
Which shall to vertue bringe you by proces.
Wherfore in any wyse loke ye make gode face.
And late no man knowe of youre heuynesse
So they were by baptyme brought out of distresse
Tourned all to vertue & whan this was done
Vertue comaunded frewyll befoze hym come

To whom thus he saide I haue greate marueyle.
ye durst be so bolde byres parte to take.
Who bad you do so & gaue you that counseile
Justly vnto that ye shall me preuy make.
Than saide frewyll & stowynfully spake
Knelinge on his kne with a chere benygne
I pray you sit late pyte your crys to me enclync.

And I shall you tell the very sothe of all
Howe it was & who made me that wey draue.
Forsoth sensuallite his propre name they call
A saide reason than I knowe well that felawe
Wilde he is & wanton of me standeth he none awe.
Is he so qd vertue well he shalbe taught
As a pleyer shulde to draue another draught

And with that cam sadnesse with his sobze chere
Bryngynge sensuallite beyng full of thought
And saide that he had take hym prysone
A welcome saide & true now haue I that I sought
Blessid be that gode lord: as thou wold it is nought
Why art thou so wanton & wilde he said for shame
O thou go at large thou shalt be made more tame.

But stand a part a while till I haue spoke a word
With frewill a litell & than shalt thou knowe
What shalbe thy fynaunce & than he saide in boord
Unto frewill the bende of your bowe
Begynneth to flake but suche as ye haue solwe.
Must ye nedys repe there is none other way
Nat withstandinge late se what ye can say

What is your hablyte me to recompence
For the grete harme that ye to me haue don
Forsothe saide frewill in open audyence.
But only macrocosme more haue I nat lo.
Take that if it please you I woll that it be so
If I may vnderstande ye be my goode lord
In dede saide vertue to that wall I accorde
Than made vertue reason his lieftenaunt
And gaue hym a gret charge macrocosme to kepe
That done sensualityte yelded hym cerraunt.
And beganne for anger bitterly to wepe.
For he deined suerly his sorowe shulde nat slepe
Than made vertue frewill bailly vnder reason
The felde to occupye to his behoue in season

And than saide vertue to sensualityte
Thou shalt be rewarded for thy besynesse
Under this fourme all fragilite
Shalt thou forsake bothe more and lesse
And vnder the gydinge shalt thou be of sadnesse
All though it somwhat be ageyne thy herte
Thy iugement is gyuen thou shalt it nat astarte.

And euen with that came in daime nature
Saynge thus to vertue sir ye do me wronge
By duresse and constreynt to put this creature
Gentyll sensualite that hath me serued longe
Clerely from his libertie and set hym amonge
Them that loue hym nat to be their vnderloute
As it were a cast away oꝝ a sho cloute

And parde ye knowe well a rule haue I must
Within macrocosme forsoth I say nat nay
Oo true but sensualite shall nat fulfyll your lust
Like as ye hathe do before this if I may.
Therfro hym to restreyn sadnesse shall assay
Howe be it ye shall haue your holy libertie
Within macrocosme as ye haue had fre

¶ And whan vertue had to nature saide thus:
A litell his eye castinge hym besyde.
He saue in a corner stande Morpleus.
That hym before warned of the very tyde
A syces saide vertue yet we must abyde
Here is a frende of oures may nat be forgete
After his deserte we shall hym entrete

Morpleus saide vertue I thanke you hertely
For your true herte and your greate labour.
That ye list to come to me so redely
Whan I vnderstode the comynge of the shoure
I thanke god & you in sayynge of myn honoure
Wherfore this pryncplege now we to you I graunte.
That within macrocosme ye shall haue yo' haunte

And of the posternes the keyes ye shall kepe.
Latinge in and oute at them who ye lyst
As longe as in macrocosme youre sadde wolle crepe.
Wher whose eye ye wolle hardely with your myst
And kepe your close there as in a chyst
Sawe I wolde desire you spare pollution
For no thige may me please yf souneth to corrupcion

And whan he had this saide the keyes he hym tooke.
And to ward his castell with his people went.
Biddinge reason take goode hede and aboute loke
That sensually by nature were nat shent
Kepe hym short he saide tyll his lust be spent
For better were a childe for to be vnborne
Than late hym haue his wyll and for cuer be lozne
And whan olde attropos had sene and herde all thys
Howe vertu had opteyned astonysed as he stode
He saide to hym selfe somwhat there is amys
I trowe well my patent be nat all gode
And ran to the paleys as he had ben wode.
Saynge to the goddys I se ye do but iape
After a worthy whewe haue ye made me gape

Howe a deuylwey shulde I vertue ouerthrowe
Whan he dredeth nat all your hole route
Howe can ye make gode your patēt wold I know
It is to impossible to bringe that aboute
For stryke hym may I nat that is out of doute
A gode attropos saide god apollo
An answer couenient shalt thou haue therto

The wordes of thy patent dare I well sayt
Stretche to one farder but where daime nature.
Hathe iurisdiction there to haue thy way
And largesse to strike as longethe to thy cure
And as for vertue he is no creature
Vnder the predicament conteyned of quantite
Wherfore his destruction longeth nat to the

A ha saide attropos than I se well
That all ye goddys be but counterfete
For one god theris that can euerydell
Turne as hym list bothe drye and wete
Into whose seruyce I shall assay to gete
And I may ones to his seruyce come
your names shalbe put in obliuion

Thus went attropos fro the paleys wrothe
But in the meane tyme while that he there was
Slidynge by the paleys residynacion gothe
Toward macrocosme with a paynted face
Clad like a pilgryme walkinge a greate pace
In the fourinc as he had ben a man of ynde
He wende haue made reason both blynde

With sensualite was he sone aquaynted
To whome he declared his mater pryuely
yet he was espyed for all his face paynted
Than reson him comanded pike him thus lightly
For his ease and sadnesse so counseile hym woll I.
So was sensualityte ay kept hym vnder fote.
That to resyduacion in yght he do no bote

Than went he to nature and asked hir aduyce
His entent to opteyne what was best to do.
She saide euer syth vertue of vyce wan the pryce
Reason with sadnesse hath ruled the felde so
That I & sensuallite may litell for the do
For I may no more but only kepe my cours
And yet is sensuallite stronger kept and woꝝs

This heringe residuacion fro thes he went ageyn
Full of thought & sorowe that he might nat spede
Than reason & sadnesse toke wedehokes twayne.
And all wild wantones out of the feld gan wede
With all the slyper grasse that growe of the sede
That sensuallite before therein sue.
And fro thenis furthe kepte it clene for vertue
Than began newe gras in the feld for to sprig
All vnlike that oder with colour faire and bryght.
But than I espyed a marueylous thinge
For the grounde of the feld gan wet hore & whyte
I coude nat conceyue howe that he myght
Tyll I was enfourmed & taught it to knowe.
But where vtue occupieth must nedis wel growe

yet in the mene tyme while the feld thus growe
And reason with sadnesse therof had gouernaunce.
Many a pryuy messenger theder sent vertue
To knowe if it were guyded to his pleasure
Howe prayer eft fastinge & often tyme penaunce
And when he myght go pryuely almesdede
& bad hym to his power help where he seuede

Whyle that felde thus ruled reason With sadnesse
Haugre dame nature for all hir carnall myghte
Came theder attropos boyde of all gladnesse
Wrapped in his shete and asked if any wight
Coude wishe hym the wey to the lord of light
Or ellis where men myght fynde right wisnesse
Forsoth saide reason I trowe as I gesse.

At vertues castell ye may sone hym fynde
If ye list the labour theder to take.
And there ye shall knowe if ye be nat blinde.
The next way to the lord of light I undertake
So theder went attropos petition to make
To right wisnesse praynge that he might
Be take into the scruyce of the lord of light

What saide right wisnesse thou olde dotinge fole
Whom hast thou serued si the worlde began
But only hym where hast thou go to scole
Wheder art thou double or ellis the same man
That thou were first, a sir saide he than
I pray you hertely holde me excused

I am olde & feble my wyttes ben disused
Well saide rightnes foras moch as thou
Knowest nat thy master thy name shall I chafige
Deth shalt thou be called fro hens forward now
Amonge all the people that shalbe had straunge
But whan thou begynnest to make thy chalaunge
Dred shalt thou be where so euer thou become
And to no creature shalt thou be welcome

And as for them whome thou didest serue
For as moche as they presume on thein to take
That high name of god they shal haue as they de
Therefore be rewarded I dare undertake serue
With peyne perpetual amonge fendes blake
And their names shalbe put to oblyuion
Amonge men but it be in dirision

A ha qd attropos now we begynne I were glad.
That I shall thus auenged of them be
Syth they so longe tyme haue made me so mad
ye saide right wisnesse here what I shall say to the
The lord of light sent the worde by me
That in macrocosme selene shalt thou take
Wherfore thy darte loke redy thou make

And as sone as vertue that understode.
He saide he was pleased that it shulde so be.
And eyn therwith he cūmaunded presthode
To make hym redy that felde for to se
So theder went presthode with benignyte
Cōcupnge theder the blessed sacramente
Of Eukarist but first were theder sent.

Confession contricion and satisfaccion
Sozo we for synne and greate repentaunce.
Holy deuocion with goodc disposicion
All theder canic and also penaunce.
As their dutye was to make purueyaunce
Ageyne the comynge of that blessed lord
Fyth hope and charite therto were accorde

Reason with sadnesse dyd his diligence
To clense the felde within and withoute
And whan they see the holy presence
Of that holy eukarist lowly gan they loute
So was that lord receyued oute of doute
With all humble chere debonayre and benigne
Likly to his pleasure it was a greete signe

Than came to the felde the mynystre fynall.
Called holy uncion with a crismatoz
The fyue hye weyes in especiall
Therof he anoynted and made it sentuary
Whome folowed deth which wolde nat tary
His feruent powet there to put in bre
As he was comaunded grauntinge daim nature

He toke his darte called his mortall launce.
And bent his stroke towarde the feldys herte
That seynge prest hode bad goode remembraunce
Toward the felde tourne hym and aduerte
For excepte hym all vertues thens must sterte.
And euen with that deth there scynge toke.
And than all the company clerly it forsoke

And as sone as deth thus had scynge take
The colour of the felde was chaunged sodeynly
The grasse therein seere as though it had be bake
And the fyue hye weyes were mured vp on hie
That fro then forthwarde none enter shuld therby.
The posternes were also withoute let
Bothe inwarde and outwarde fyne fast shet

Whiche done sodaynly deth banyshted away
And vertue exalted was aboue the firmament
Where he toke the crowne of glozy that is ay.
Preparat by alpha & oo omnypotente.
The swete frute of macrocolme thider whi went
And on all this mater as I stode musinge thus.
Agayne fro the felde to me came morpleus

Sayinge thus what chere how liketh y^e this sight
Hast thou sene ynoughe or wilt thou see more
Say sir I saide my trouth I you plight
This is sufficient if I knewe wherfore
This was me shewed for therof the loze.
Couete I to haue if I gete myght
Folowe me quod he and haue thy delight

So I folowed hym tyll he had me brought
To a foure square herber walled rounde aboute
Lo qd morpleus here maist thou that thou sought
Fynde if thou wyll I put the oute of doute.
A litell whyle we stode styll there withoute
Tyll wyt chief porter of that herber gate.
Requyred by stody letc vs in therate.

But whan I cam in I marueyled greatly
Of that I behelde and herde there reporte.
For first in a chayre appareyled royally
There sat dame doctrine hir children to exorte;
And aboute hir was many a sondry sort
Some willinge to lerne dyuerse science
And some for to haue parfyte intelligence.

Crowned she was lyke an emperesse
wyth thre crownes standynge on hir hede on hye.
All thinge aboute hir an infynyte processe
were to declare I tell you certeynly.
Neuerthelcse some in mynde therof haue I.
which I shal to you as god woll gyue me grace
As I sawe and herde tell in short space

fast by doctryne on that one syde.
As I remembre sate holy texte.
That opened his mouth to the people wyde
But nat in comparyson to glose that sate nexte.
Moralization with a cloke contexte
Sate and scripture was scribe to them all
He sate ay writinge of that that shulde fall.

¶ These were tho that I there knewe
By no maner way of olde antyquyte
But as I before sawe them with vertue.
Company in felde and hauynge daliaunce.
And as I thus stode halfe in a traunce
Whyle they were occupped in their besynesse.
Aboute the walles myn iye gan I dresse

Where I behelde the maruelous story.
That euer I yet sawe in any pycture
For on tho walles was made memozy
Syngulerly of eucry creature
That there had ben bothe fourme and stature
Whose names reherse I woll as I can
Brynge them to mynde in order eucry man

First to begynne there was in portrature
Adam and Eue holdinge an apple rounde
Noc in a ship & Abraham haupnge sure.
A flynt stone in his hande and Isaac lay bounde.
On an hygh mounte Jacob slepinge sounde
And a longe ledder stode hym besyde.
Joseph in a Cysterne was also there that tyde

Next whome stode moyses with his tables two
Aaron and vtre his arnes supportinge
Ely in a brennyng chare was there also
And Elize stode clad in an hermytes clothinge
Dauid with an harpe and a stone syng
Ihase Jeremy and Ezechyel
And closed with lyons holy danyel
Abacuk Mycher with Malachy
And Jonas out of a whalles body comynge
Samuel in a temple and holy zachary
Beside an auter all bloody standinge.
Ozee with Judyth stode there conspiringe.
The deth of Oloferne and Salamon also.
A childe with his swerde deuydinge in two.

Many mo prophetes certeynly there were.
Whose names now we come nat to my mynde.
Melchysedech also espyed I there
Brede & wyne offringe as fell to his kinde
Joachym and Anna stode all behynde
Embraced in arnes to the golden gate
And holy John baptist in a desert sate

And nowe cometh to my remembraunce
I am auyled I sawe Sodechy
And amos also with sobre countenaunce
Standinge with their faces towarde sophony
Acemye and esdras bare them company
The holy man Job as an impotente
Than folowed in picture with thoby pacient

These with many mo on that one syde
Of that grene perber portrayed were.
A saide morpleus a litell tyme abyde.
Turne thy face where thy bak was ere
And beholde well what thou seest there.
Than I me turned as he me bad.
With herte stedfast and countenaunce sad

Where I sawe petyr with his keyes stande
Doule with a swerde James also
With a scalop/and thomas holdinge in his hande.
A spere and philip approched hym to
James the lesse next to hym in picture lo
Stode with bartilmewe which was all flayne
Symon & thadee shewed howe they were slayne

Mathy and barnaby drawyngc lottis stode
Nert whome was marke a lyon hym by
His boke holdinge and mathewe in his mode
Resembled an aungel with wynges gloriously
Luke had a calfe to holde his boke on hys
And Johñ with a cuppe and palme in his hande.
An egle bare his boke thus sawe I them stande

Gregory and Jerome austyn and ambrose.
With pylions on their hede stode lyke doctours
Bernarde with anceline and as I suppose.
Thomas of aquyne and domynike confessours
Benet and hewe religious gouernours.
Martyne and John with bisschoppis threyn
Were there also and grylstone certyne

Behynde all these was worshipfull bede
All behynde and next hym stode ozygene
Hidyng: his face as he of his dede.
Had ben a shamed ye wote what I mene
For of errour was he nat all clene
And on that syde stode there last of all.
The noble prophetyssa Sibyll men hir call
Late me remembre nowe I you pray
My brayne is so thynne I deme in my herte
Some of the felawshipe that I there sawe
In all this whyle haue I ouersterte
A benedicite none erst coude I aduerte
To thinke on andrew the apostle with his crosse.
Whome to forgete were a greute losse

Many one mo were peynted on that wall
Whose names now come nat to my remembraunce
But these I marked in especiall
And mo coude I tell in continuaunce
Of tyme but furth to shewe you the substaunce
Of this mater in the myddis of that herbere
Sate doctryne colored as any cristall clere

Crowned as I tolde you late here before
Whose aparayle was worth tresoure infynyte
All erthely richesse count I nomore
To that in comparyson valuyng than a myte
Ouer hir hede houed a culuer fayre and whyte
Oute of whose bylle proceded a greate leine
Downwarde to dootryne lyke a sonne beine

The wordes of dootryne gaue greate redolence
In swetnesse of sauour to hir discyples all
It ferre exceded myrre and frankencence
Or any other trespice or ellis gall
And whan she me espyed anone she gan me call
A comaunded morpleus yf he shuld bringe me nere.
For she wolde me shewe the effecte of my desyre
¶ She saide I knowe the cause of thy comynge.
Is to vnderstonde by myn informacion
Sensibly the mater of morpleus she wyng
As he hath the led aboute in vision
Wherfore nowe apply thy naturall reason
Vnto my wordes and or thou hens wende:
Thou shalt it knowe begynnynge and ende

First where Colus to pluto was brought.
By his owne necllygence taken prysonere
Within the erthe for he to ferre sought
Signyfyed is nomore by that matere
But only to shewe the howe it doth appere.
That welth vnbrydled daily at thyn eye
Encreseth myscule and oft causeth folye

Foꝛ lyke as Colus beyng at his large
Strayted hym selfe thozough his owne lewdnes
Foꝛ he wolde dele where he had no charge
Right so wontons by their wildnesse
Gt tyines bringe them selfe in distresse
Bicause they somtyme to largely deele
What may woꝛs be suffred than ouermoeche wele

By mynos the iuge of hell desperate
May be vnderstande goddis right wisnesse
That to euery wight his payne deputate
Assigneth accoꝛdinge to his wickednesse.
Wherfoꝛe he is called iuge of cruelnesse
And as foꝛ Dyana and neptunus compleynt.
Fygured may be by folys reason feynt

Foꝛ lyke as they made their suggestion
To haue brought colus fro cours of his kinde
Which was impossible to bringe to corꝛeccion
Foꝛ euermoeꝛe his lyberte haue wyll the wynde
In like wyse folos otherwhyle be blynde
Wenynge to subdue with their one hande
That is ouermoeche foꝛ all an hole lande.

But what foloweth therof that shalt thou here
Whan they were come to the banket
The greate apollo with his sad chere.
So fayre and curteysely gan them entrete
That he made their berdys on the newe gete
Lo what wisdoine doth a fole.
Wherfoꝛe at childꝛen put to the scole

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Oft is it sene with sobze countenaunce
That wyle men toles ouercome ay
Tournynge as them list and all their baryaunce.
Chaunge from earnest into mery play.
What were they both amended that day
Whan they were dryuen to their wittes ende.
Were they nat fayne to graunte to be his frende

Right so folos whan they haue done
All that they can than be they fayne
Gyue by their mater to oblyuion
Withoute rewarde they haue no moze bzaunce
And yet full oft hath it be sayne
Whan they it haue forgete and set it at nought
That they full dere haue afterwarde it bought

¶ And as for all tho that represent
To be called goddys at that banket
Resemble false ydollys but to this entent
Was Moyses comanded theder the to fet
That thou shuldest knowe the maner & the get
Of the paynymis lawe and of their byleue
Howe false Idolatrye ledeth them by the sleue

For sene vpon the worldys creacion
Whan Adam and eue had broke the precept
Which clerkes call the tyme of deuyacion
The worldly people in paynym lawe slepte
Tyll moyses vnder god the tables of stone keppte.
In whiche tyme poetes feyned many a fable
To discrete reason right acceptable.

And to the entent that they shulde sounde
To the crys of theym more pleasauntly
That the shuld rede oꝛ here they gaue the a ground
And added names vnto them naturally
Of whom they spake and called them goddis hye
Some foꝛ the strength and myght of their nature
And some foꝛ their subtyll wytte coniecture

By nature thus as the scuen planettes
Haue their proper names by astronomeres.
But goddis were they called by olde poetes
Foꝛ their great feruency of workinge i their speres
Experience pꝛueth this at all yeres
And foꝛ as oder that goddis called be
Foꝛ subtyll witte that shall I teche the

Howe they by that hygh name of god came
In this saide tyne the people was so rude
That what maner creature man oꝛ woman
Coude any newelte contriue oꝛ conclude
Foꝛ the comon welc all the multytude
Of the comon people a god shulde hym calle.
Oꝛ a goddesse after it was falle

Of the same thinge that was so newe founde
As ceres foꝛ she the crafte of tythe fonde.
Wherby more plentuously corne dyd habounde
The people hir called thzough oute the lond
Goddesse of corne wenyng in hir hounde
Had lyen all poꝛer of goddys habundaunce
Thus were the paynymis deceyued by ignoraunce.

In lyke wise Jfys was called the goddesse
Of frute: for she first made it multiplie
By meane of graftinge and so by processe
The name of pan gan to daye
For he fonde first the meane shepe to guy
Some toke it also by their condicion
As pluto fortune and such other done.

Thus all that poetes put vnder couerture
Of fable the rural people it toke
Properly as acte refusinge the figure.
Whiche erroure some of theym neuer forsoke.
Oft a false myrrour discyucth a manny's loke.
As thou maist daily proue at thyn ipe
Thus were the paynymis deceyued generally
That seynge the dedly ennemy of mankinde
By his power permyssyue cutted the ymage
Within the temples to make the people blynde
In their ydolatry standinge on hye stages.
In so moche who so vsed daungercous passages.
Ony manner way by water or by londe
Whan he did his sacrifice his answer redy fonde

Thus duringe the tyme of deuyacion
From Adam to Moyses was ydolatry
Through the worlde vsed in comon oppynion
These were the goddys that thou there sye.
And as for the awaytours that stode them by
They politike phylosophers and poetes were
Whych feyned the fables that I spake of here.

Than saide the tyme of deuycacion.
Whan moyses receyued the tables of stone
Entringe the tyme of reuocacion
On the mount Synay stondinge alone
God gaue hym myght ageyne all his sone
And than began the olde testament.
Which to the people by moyses was sent.

And that tyme dured the incarnation
Of crist and than began it lese.
For than cam the tyme of reconsiliacion.
Of man to god I telle the doutlese
Whan the son of god put hym in prese
Wilfully to suffre de the for mankinde.
In holy scripture this maist thou fynde

¶ This reconsiliacion was the tyme of grace.
Whan founded was the church vpon the faire stone
And to holy peter the key delyuered was
Of heuen than hell despoyled was anone
Thus was mankinde delyuered from his sone
And than beganne the newe testament
That the cristen people bileue in presente

Which thre tymes asonder deuyled
Mayst thou here se if thou list beholde
The first behynde in picture prouyded
The second of the left hande shew pphetes olde
The thirde on the right hande here it is to the told
Thus hast thou in vision the very figure
Of these thre tyme here shewed in portrature

That is to say first of deuotion.
fro Adam to moyses recorde scripture
Secoide fro moyses to the incarnation
Of crist kepeth reuocations cure
And as for the thirde thou mayst be very sure.
Woll dure from thens to the worldys ende.
But now the fourth must thou haue in mynde

which is called properly the tyme of pylgrymage.
After some and some named it other wyse
And call it the tyme of daungerous passage
And somtyme of warre that fully it despise
But what so it be named I woll the auyse.
Remembze it well and prynt it in thy mynde
Wherof the figure se mayst thou me behynde

Co ellis remembze thy selfe in thyn herte.
Ho we vyce and vertue daily them occupy
In maner one of them hym to peruerete
Another to bringe hym to endles glory
Thus they contynue fight for the victory
It is nede therof to tell the more
For in this short vision thou hast sene it before

And as for attropos greuous complaynt
Unto the goddys betokeneth no more
But only to shewe the howe frendly constraynte.
On a stedfast herte weyeth full soze
Gode wyll requireth gode wyll ageyne therfore
Discoide to dethe hath ay ben a frende
For discoide bringeth many to their ende.

Wherfore deth though he wolde auenged be
On his frendes quatell if that he myght
For their greate unkindnesse for as moche as she
Was amonge them all had so in despyte.
And at that bank it made of so lyte
Which caused hym amonge them to cast in a bone
That founde the gnawynge ynough euerychone

Thus oft is sene one frende for anoder
Wyll say and do and somtyme maters feyne
And also kynnyfuten a cosyn or a broder
Woll for his alye or he haue cause complayne
And where that he louth do his beyn peyne.
His frendes mater as his owne to take
Which oft tymes causeth moche sozowre awake

¶ Be it right or wronge he careth nat a myte
As to warde that poynt he taketh lytell hede
So that he may haue his frowarde appetyte
Perfourned he careth nat howe his soule spede
Of god or deuyll haue such litell drede
Howe be it one there is that lord is of all
Which to euery wight at last rewarde shall.

And as for the batayle betwene vice & vertue hold
So playnly appereth to the inwardly
To make exposition therof newe or olde
Were but superfluyte therfore refuse it J.
In man shal thou fynde that werre kepte daily
Lyke as thou hast sene it forwene before thy face.
The picture me behynde sheweth it in lytell space

And as for macrocosme it is no more to say
But the lesse worlde to the comon entente.
Which applied is to man both nyght and day
So is man the felde to which all were sente
On bothe partyes and they that thider went
Signyfie no more but after the condicion
Of euery manys oppnyon

And as for the noble knight perceuraunce.
Which gate the felde whan it was almost gone
Betokeneth no more but the contynuaunce.
Of vertuous lyuynge tyll deth hath ouergone.
Who so woll do rewarded is anone
As vertue was with the crowne on hye
Which is no more but cuerlastinge glozpe

And as for prestience and predestynacion
That eche of them rewarded after his deserte
It to vnderstande no more but dampnacion
To vicious people is the very scourge smerte
Rewarde for they wolde fro vertu peruerste
And endles ioy is to them that be clecte
Rewarde and to all that folowe the same secte.

And as for the keyes of the posterns fyue
Which were to morpleus rewarded for his labour
Signyfy nat ellys but whan man is alyue
His fyue inwarde wittes shalbe euery houre
In his slepe occupied in helc and in langoure
With fantasies tryfels Illusions and dremys.
Which poetes call morpleus stremys

And as for resydyuacion is nomore to say
But after confession tournynge ageyne to synne
Which to euery man retourneth sauns delay
To vicious lyuynge ageyne hyin to wyne
While any man lyueth wyll it neuer blynne
That cursed conclusion for to bringe aboute
But reason with sadnesse kept it styll oute.

Here hast thou properly the very sentence
Herde nowe declared of this vision.
The picture also gyueth clere intelligence
Therof beholdinge with gode discrecion.
Loke well aboute and take consideracion
As I haue declared wheder it so be
A syr qd morpleus what tolde I the
Hast thou nat nowe thyn hertes desire
Loke on the wall ponder befoze
And all that tyme stode I in a wyre
Whych wey first myn hert wolde gyue me ze
To loke in a stody stode. I therfoze
Neuertheles at last as morpleus me bad
I loked forwarde with count. naunce sad

Where I behelde in portraiture.
The maner of the felde cuen as it was
Shewed me befoze and cuery creature!
On bothe sydes beyng drawn in short space
So curiously in so litell a compase.
In a. l this worlde was neuer thinge wrought
It were impossible in erthe to be thought.

And whan I had longe beholde that picture
What qd morpleus howe longe shalt thou loke.
Daringe as a dastarde on that portrature
Come of for shame thy wytte standeth a croke.
I heringe that myn herte to me toke
Toward the fourth wale tournynge my visage
Where I sawe poetes and philosophers sage

Many one mo than at that banket
Serued the goddys as I saide before
Some were made standinge & some in charys set
Some lokinge on bokcs as they had stodyed sore.
Som drawynge almonakis & i ther handes bore
Astirclabis takinge the altitude of the sonne.
Amonge whome dyogenes sate in a tonne

And as I was lokinge on that fourth wall
Of dyogenes beholdinge the ymage.
Sodeynly doctryne beganne me to call
And bad me turne towarde hir my visage
And so than I dyd with humble corage.
What thinkest thou she saide hast thou nat thētent
yet of these foure walles what they represent

The picture on the first that standeth at my backe
Sheweth the the present tyme of pylgrymage
Of whiche before I vnto the spake.
Which is the tyme of daungerous passage
The seconde discretely ageyne my visage
The tyme expresseth of decuyacion.
Whyle paynym la we had the domynacion.

The thirde wall standinge on my lefte hande
The tyme representeth of reuocacion
And the fourth standinge on my right hande
Determineth the tyme of reconciliacion
This is the effecte of thy vision
Wherfore the nedeth nomore theron to muse
It were but vayne thy wittes to disuse.

But duringe the tyme of reconciliacion:
Thy tyme of pylgrymage loke well thou spende.
And than woll gracious predestynacion
Bringe the to glory at thy last ende
And euen with that came to my mynde
My first conclusion that I was aboute.
To haue dzyuen oꝝ slepe made me to loute

That is to say howe sensuallyte
With reason to accorde myght be brought aboute.
Which caused me to kncle downe on my kne
And besech doctryne determine that doute
O lord god saide doctryne canst thou nat without
He that conclusion bringe to an ende
Fer is fro the wytte and ferder gode mynde

And euen with that deth gan appere
She wyngc hym selfe as though that he wolde
His darte haue occupied within that herbere
But there was none for hym yonge noꝝ olde
Saue only I doctryne hym tolde
And whan I herde hir with hym comon thus
I me withdrew behynde moꝝpleus

Dredinge full soze lest he With his Darte.
Thorough doctrynes wordes any entresse
In me wolde haue had or clawed any parte
Which shulde haue caused me greate heuynesse.
Within which tyme and short processe
Came theder reason and sensualyte
A quod doctryne right welcome be ye

It is nat longe syth we of you spake
ye must or ye go determyne a doute
And euen with that she the mater bzake
To them and tolde it every where aboute
I wolde haue be thens if I had moute
For fere I loked as blacke as a cole.
I wolde haue croyn in a mouce hole.

What quod doctryne where is he now
That meued this matere straunge and diffuse
He is a coward I make myn auow
He hydeth his hede his motion to refuse.
Blame hym nat quod reason alwey that to vse
Whan he se deeth so nere at his hande.
It is his parte hym to withstande

Or at the lest we ellys from hym fle
As longe as he may who dothe other wyse.
Is an ydeot; quod sensualyte
Who dredeth nat deth wyse men hym despyse
What saide doctryne howe longe hath this gyle.
Be holden and vsed thus a twhyte you twhyne
ye were nat wout to accorde certeyne

yes god reason in this poynt alway
To euery man haue we gyue our counseile.
Deth for to flee as longe as they may.
All though we oder wyse haue done our trauayle
Eche other to repressse yet withoute fayle.
In that poynt only disorde we neuer.
Thus condescended therein be we for cuer

A ha god doctryne than is the conclusion.
Clerly determyned of the greate doute
That here was mied and halfe in dirision
She me than called and bad me loke oute
Come furth she saide & fere nat this route
And euen with that reason and sensualyte.
And deth fro thens were banyshted away all thre

¶ Than loked I furth as doctryne me bad.
Whan dethe was gone me tought I was bolde.
To she we my selfe but yet was I sadde.
He thought my doute was nat as I wolde
Clercly and openly declared and tolde
It solwed to me as a parable
Darke as a myst or a feyned fable..

And doctryne my conceyte gan espye
Wherfore saide she standest thou so styll
Wherin is thy thougth art thou in stody
Of thy question hast thou nat thy fylle
To the declared tell me thy wyll
Herdest thou nat reason and sensualyte
Declared thy doute here befoze the

Forsoth qd I / I herde what they saide
But neu. rtheles my wytte is so thynne.
And also of deth I was so afrayde.
That it is oute where it went in
And so that mater can I nat wyne.
Withoute your helpe and benyuolence
Therof to expresse the very sentence

Well qd doctryne than gyue attendaunce
Unto my wordes and thou shalt here
Openly declared the concozdaunce.
Betwene sensualityte and reason in fere
If thou take hede it clerly doth aperce.
Howe they were knytte in in one opynion
Bothe ageyne dethe helde contradiccion.

Which concozdaunce no more signifieth
To playne vnderstandinge but in euery meane
Bothe sensualityte and reason applieth
Rather dethe to flee than with it to be tane
Lo in that poynt accorde they holy than
And in all oðer they clerly discozde
Thus is truly set thy doutfull manycozde

I heringe that knel'd on my kne
And th. nked hir lowly for hir disciplyne.
That she vouchesaue of hir benignyte
Of tho grete deutes me to enlumyne
Well was she woorthy to be called doctryne
If it had be noume but for the solucion
Of my deinaunde and of this straunge vision

And as I with myn hede beganne for to bowe,
As me well ought to do hir reuerence
She then departed I can nat tell howe
But within a moiment gone was she then
Than saide morpleus late vs go hens
What shulde we here tary lenger.
Hast thou nat herde a generall answer

To all thy maters that thou list to mene
My tyme draweth nere that I must rest
And euen therewith he take me by the shue,
And saide go we hens for that is for the best
As god is ynough as a grete fest
Thou hast sene ynough holde the content.
And euen with that furth with hym I wente

¶ Till he had me brought ageyne to my bedde
Where he me fonde and than pryuely.
He stole away I coude nat vnderstande
Where became but sodenly.
As he came he went I tell you verily
Which done fro slepe I gan to awake
My body all in swete beganne for to shake

For drede of the sight that I had sene
Wenyng to me all had be true.
Actully done where I had bene
That batayle holde twene vycc and vertue
But whan I se it it was but a whue
A dreim a fantasy and a thinge of nought.
To stody theron I had nomore thought

Tyll at the last I gan me bethinke.
For what cause shewed was this vision
I knewe nat wherfore I toke penne and ynke
And papere therof to make mencion
In writinge takinge consideracion
That no defaute were founde in me
Wheron accused I ought for to be

For slouth that I had left it untolde
Neyther by mouth nor in remembraunce
Put it in trynginge whercthyough manyfold.
Weyes of accusacion myght turne me to greuaunce
All this I sawe as I lay in a traunce
But wheder it were with myn iye bodely
Or nat in certeyne god knoweth and nat I
That to discern I purpose nat to dele
So large by my wyll it longeth nat to me.
Were it dreame or vision for your owne wele
All that shall it rede here red or see.
Take therof the best and late the worst be
Trye oute the corne cleane from the chaffe
And than may ye say ye haue a sure staffe

To stonde by at nede if ye woll it holde.
And walke by the way of vertues loze
But alwey beware be ye yonge or olde.
That your fre wyll ay to vertue more.
Applye than to byce the esyer may be boze
The burden of the felde that ye daily fight
Agayne your thre enemyes for all ther gret might